

# 6 (ISLA)(NDS) zine

Abstract geometric lines and a handwritten mark. A horizontal line is positioned below the title. A vertical line runs down the left side of the page. A diagonal line extends from the top right towards the center. A handwritten 'C' is located on the right side of the page. A wavy line is on the left side, near the bottom.

ISSUE 2

RE-IMAGINING SEX(UALITY)

2020

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Issue 2: Re-imagining Sex(uality)*

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# 6 (ISLA)(NDS) zine

*Re-imagining Sex(uality)*

# *Another year, and yes, another zine!*

Hey readers and fellow zinesters! This year has taken a lot of different and unexpected turns, with the coronavirus pandemic as well as the incidents with the Black Lives Matter movement. We were (and still are) in need of a space for our community to come together and grieve, heal, and share our needs. With this zine we hope to create a space for that, because we are worthy of our own care!

After launching the first edition on *Language*, we were brainstorming what other themes we can use for the second edition: this is how *Re-imagining Sex(uality)* emerged. Sex is a broad topic that we do not speak about freely or comfortably within our communities. It is an emotionally loaded topic, and even though themes like sexual trauma/abuse, sexual education and pleasure might be difficult to talk about, we can only move discussions forward and put action to words through conversation. Do take your time with the submissions, to process, to feel, to think. And take care of yourself as you do that.

We wanted to dream, imagine, create, which is exactly what this collective zine managed to do and this is reflected in the cover as well. We are so excited for you to read this edition! And we hope that you find pleasure, curiosity, stillness to reflect and relatability in the submissions.

– Alexine & Ichmarah



## Mission Statement

6 (ISLA)(NDS): Aruba, Boneiru, Kòrsou, Saba, Statia, St. Maarten

We are 2 queer women of Afro-Caribbean descent who grew up on Aruba and Kòrsou, and we are currently living in the Netherlands. With this zine we want to explore experiences of Black people and People of Color that were either born, raised or have ancestrals in these 6 islands in the Caribbean. These islands were all Dutch colonies – and are still colonies to a certain degree – and this colonial past has left traces in our cultures and in our identities.

As a collective we would want to mobilize the ABCSSS community to find ways to decolonize ourselves, specifically through a queer, intersectional lens – bring forward taboo topics such as homophobia, sexism, fatphobia, colorism that live within our communities. We aim to build a movement around the 6 (ISLA)(NDS) – with a zine as a means of archiving our collective and individual ways of decolonization.

We want to do this together with you through venting, poems, personal or short stories, paintings, photography, research or any other form of expression, in whatever way that feels comfortable to you – or not.

Let's speak up!



# AN INVITATION TO WELCOME SEXUALITY

Hello friend,

I would hereby like to send you a letter of invitation. An invitation to a re-imagined world where we allow everyone to have their own sexuality.

Initially I was going to focus on allowing men to have their own sexuality as based on personal experience, it is what I could relate to the most. However comma, I believe the main message is applicable across the board. So feel free to explore how it may be relevant to your particular situation and we can go from there.

As I was thinking about what to write for the zine I followed some of the interactions on the IG stories and I noticed voices of people who do/did not want to be fetishized in a way or another. I believe there are certain stereotypes and or expectations (I will come back to this shortly) that quickly come to mind when I think about growing up on the islands.

Men are expected to be these hyper-sexual beings that can only think about doing one thing. Women are expected to be these holy beings that are so pure and oddly enough cut scene to the next frame they're suppose to be little sex fiends? And ofcourse there are also racial stereotypes that can

also come into play; the size of black men, latin@s being exotic, asians being sex freaks etc.

Now the problem with this especially on impressionable young teens is that they want to feel wanted. People tend to adjust themselves in order to fit in. So a young teen is going to act a certain way in order to highlight some attributes that they assume is wanted, all the while suppress those they think are unwanted.

And this is where I believe we've entered a vicious loop. You could theoretically now end up with a situation with a boy who likes caressing, slow and passionate intercourse, is in a relationship with a girl who would prefer to dominate her partner. But the way it is played out is that they both suppress what they desire and you end up with a boy that thinks he's not doing it right unless he's humping like a rabbit and a girl who fakes it to put on a show.

We expect people to behave a certain way all the while suppressing our own desires. I think we can all do better in allowing people to like what they like despite \*insert demographic here\*.

I would like to re-imagine a world where we are and teach each other to be free to be who we want to be sexually. And i would like to invite you to join me. (Imagine me extending a hand to you).

Churmer Bomba

## Aratta & Jahwar

By anonymous

“Imagination is the beginning of creation. You imagine what you desire, you will what you imagine, and at last, you create what you will.”

- George Bernard Shaw

“What are you wearing tonight for our date, babe?”

Aratta asks Jahwar.

J:“I don’t know yet. Maybe a casual shirt and jeans. What about you?”

“This”, as Aratta points at the white lace lingerie.

Jahwar pauses for a bit and looks at the lingerie  
and then at Aratta with a lustful gaze.

“Is that all you’re wearing?” he asks.

A:“I also thought of wearing my jewel butt plug as well.”

“Is that so?” Jahwar asks with a smirk on his face.

A:“Hahah. Hasi lihé, we’re going to be late.”

J:“I have to confess something.”

A:“What is this about?”

J:“You.”

A:“What about me?”

J:“you are very beautiful and I enjoy your curves. And even though you may be insecure sometimes, I appreciate your overall confidence, right now, for example.

And to be honest you are killing me, right now.

Knowing what you have underneath your dress, makes me think of filthy things.” Aratta stares at Jahwar with a flirty smile.

A:“I know you like all of this. I’m going to the restroom, just a sec.”

Issue 2  
Aratta & Jahwar



\*Ping\*

Jahwar picks up his phone and looks puzzled at the notification from Aratta. It was a picture of Aratta's fingers, dripping wet with the caption: "You'd like this, right?"

With Jahwar still appalled and intrigued, Aratta returns to the table, walks around and stands behind Jahwar, whispers : "Let me know how I taste," as she covers his lips and nose in her juice.

J: "People look at us strangely"

A: "I don't care about them. Most of them wish they have our sex life. Besides, I am not being that obvious, right."

A: "Yo, dinner was lit."

J: "Yeah, it slapped. What do you want to do now?"

A: "We could go for a drive tho."

J: "Yeah, that's true."

\*Cruising around, good music in the background\*

Aratta pushes her seat back, leans back, puts her legs on the dash, grabs Jahwar's hand and puts it between her legs.

A: "I know my thighs thick, but you'll manage."

....



11

## *A quick reflection on my sexuality journey...*

### **Snippets: Being a boy(?)**

We were standing together with my family on the side of the road, waiting for the carnival parade to start. My first thoughts on sexuality that I can remember started on this day. A set of confused thoughts. I looked to the other side. There, sat a boy. Maybe the same age as me, 12? 13? I was the tomboy-looking girl, wondering if he would like me. Would he want to kiss me? I was obsessed with him for several hours even though I had no idea who he is, who his favourite Power Rangers was... I never got to speak to him, even when the parade was over. Maybe I didn't even want to speak to him either but this memory is somehow still clearly imprinted on my mind.

I would notice the boys from Madiki walking around all tough. Can they be soft as well? I wanted to look tough too,

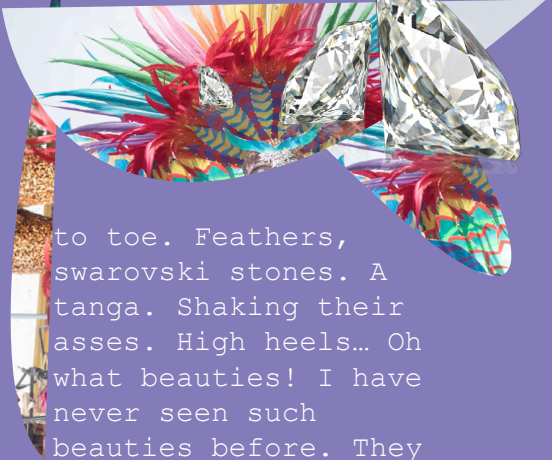
just like them. I despised being born a girl. I hated wearing a dress or a skirt. I hated the color pink. To have my boobs forming like two small bumps on my chest and having to wear a bra, disgusting. I wanted to have a penis because with it I wouldn't have to be behaving like a *mucha cera den cash'i glas*. I would have more freedom to do whatever I wanted because I would have a penis. I would be a boy and not having to deal with girly things. Whatever that actually means...



## Unknowingly a queer teen

But what about the tough girls that also walked around before the carnival parade would start...? They always grabbed my attention in a different way than the tough boys. The girls wearing their basketball uniform looking outfits. With their Adidas flip flops. With their curly/ afro hair sleekly gelled to the back, forming a bun. A bit of shaved nape. Or that long beaded strand of hair hanging from the nape of their head. Beads in red, green, gold, black, or wooden ones. I was kind of scared of the girls but also very much attracted to them in a way I could not explain. My heart would beat faster. The feminine energy combined with the masculine ones. My energy was pulled towards them.

Another year goes by, another carnival parade passes by. Different groups. Different costumes. The trans women, the femme gay men. All dressed up from head



to toe. Feathers, swarovski stones. A tanga. Shaking their asses. High heels... Oh what beauties! I have never seen such beauties before. They stood out from the rest of the group. The audience would clap but others would point and laugh. *Berguensa! Marico!*

## Internalised hetero-normative, patriarchal rules

High school taught me that those kinds of "boyish"-looking girls were *cachaperas*, *machoro*, *muhernan cu ta bati cachapa*... Not normal. A sin. A shame to their families. Why? I was also looking like a tomboy... In high school I had a boyfriend. His brother told him to just fuck me and then ghost me. Because I was too ugly anyway. Yes, my then-boyfriend told me

that when we were breaking up some years later. The way he said it was like he wanted me to feel bad about it. That I deserve that and that he should have done that as well. We were together for many years. Anyway, back to high school. One day I went to school with my cool dark-blue cap, wearing my dark blue t-shirt, and my khaki knee-length pants. I was proud of my look! I was looking boyish but I still had my with-rollers-straightened ponytail sticking out from the cap. My then-boyfriend told me immediately when he saw me that I should not dress like that because I looked like a boy, that I was embarrassing him. "Why can't you just dress like a girl...?"

She was my best friend. Did I like her more than just friends? I tried imagining sexual scenes with her but it turned me off. I did not see her like that. I was sure I did not want her sexually. Did that mean I was not a *machoro*? What a

relief! But there are some women that... I wanted to get close to them but I did not even dare to imagine any sexual scenes in my head with them. Honestly, I did not really know what those intense feelings were but I knew I had to keep them from taking over my thoughts. What was I afraid of? What was holding me back? After learning that tomboys, butches, dykes, lesbians, bisexuals, gays, transgenders were a bad thing in our society, I suppressed those intense feelings inside me. If I saw a woman that I was attracted to, I would look away immediately. I was doing this all the way into my late 20s.



### **Feminine**

She was a femme cis-hetero person. All the men wanted her. I wanted to feel wanted as well. Solution: force myself into being feminine. Wear skirts. Short skirts. Dresses. I HAVE to have long straight hair. Dive into the color pink. Was I finally wanted by men?

Maybe. Yes. But men I have been with sexually, would always say they suspect I am bisexual. Or sexually weird. Too confident sexually. Too comfortable about my clitoris. Having too many orgasms. Talking shamelessly about LGBTQIA+ topics. About sexual feelings. Way too many details for these straight men. I also had a feeling that not all of them were as straight as dry spaghetti...

Wait a minute... Did I start liking my sexual activities with myself or with men BECAUSE I have been forcing femininity upon myself? Have I brought myself into a Stockholm syndrome situation with internalised heteronormative rules? I am confused. "You need to reflect on the thoughts you had about penises as an authoritative symbol", I said to myself one day. I love my clitoris. I love my vulva. I love my pubic hair. I was still not happy with these men. I forgot about the random

women I was attracted to. I buried them deep within my brain storage. They have been buried for 15 years. HAVE BEEN...

### **(un)learning**

Many heartbreaks and messy situations later, I dug the girls back from my brain storage. I needed to find out what those feelings were that I have been suppressing. Going through all this unlearning and learning felt like my brain lifted a filter. I started noticing women I was attracted to. In the mean time in the Netherlands, I was shortly going out with a guy from Aruba that was also questioning our community when it comes to being queer. Why did his friends shame him for having sex with a gay guy on the island many years ago? He was attracted to the gay guy. He was also attracted to me. We also had sex a few times. Two queers enjoying each other.

And so my new journey of healing and unpacking started in Amsterdam. I

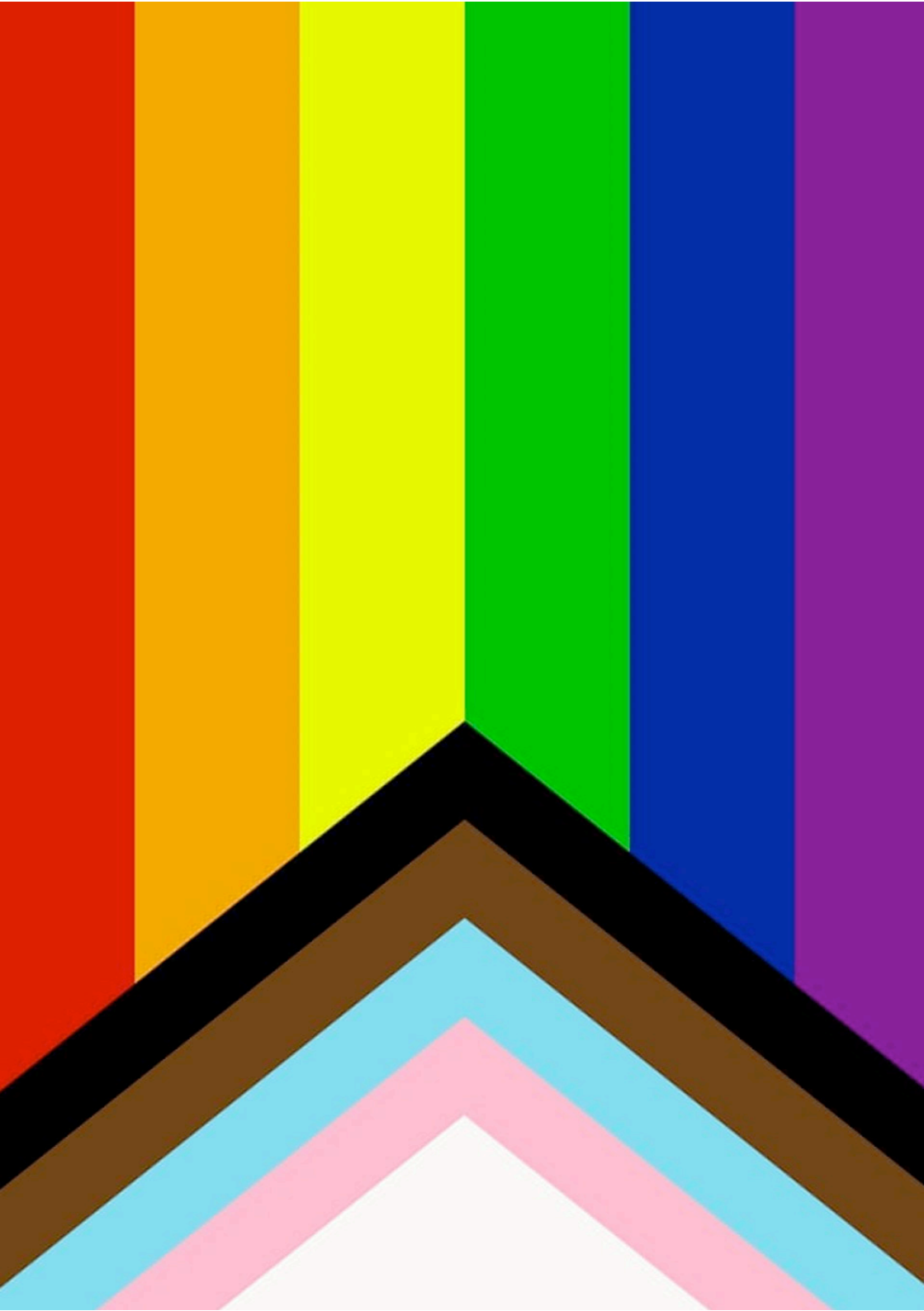
feel comfortable in the BPOC queer scene. I do not feel ashamed or the urge to suppress my attractions to others within the queer community. I got to know more queers within ABCSSS communities. I love my partner, him being able to express himself as a drag king, him, a trans man, being himself. I love queer BPOC parties such as Pon Di Pride where you can be yourself without feeling the heaviness of shaming eyes on you. I enjoy watching performances from Drag Kings at the sex club called Church. I can be myself. I can dress as feminine or masculine as I feel like. What is actually defined as feminine/masculine nowadays anyway in different couries?

*I want to re-imagine my sexuality but I also embrace what I have been through to make me the person I am today. With re-imagining comes self-criticism, feeling uncomfortable dealing with internalised homophobia and patriarchal structures, hearing out other people within the community,*

*protecting others. I do not want re-imagination of sexuality to be a mere fantasy. I want it to be real.*

*I wish I grew up in a society where a penis is not a symbol of authority. Where cis-hetero-men can be soft, cry every time they feel sad without feeling ashamed. Where my queer cousins were not being spoken about as shameful and sinful creatures. For trans women or butch queens on Aruba not to been seen as freaks during the carnival season. For the cahtolic society not to force us to cleanse ourselves from "sins". I wish cis-hetero-men did not think that butches/dykes/lesbians just need a dick to become "real women". That being feminine does not mean you are obviously heterosexual. I wish sex education in high school did not associate the LGBTQIA+ community only with HIV and AIDS. I wish that the government of Aruba stops making empty promises every 4 years for "giving more rights" to the LGBTQIA+ community. I wish, I wish...*

@clitoria\_erehta



Dear teenage me,

Your mother won't like it, but you will be sexually active one day. Mh-hmm. Really! You'll have lovers and partners, with whom you'll have great sex, shitty sex, and even... get raped. Your mother will ambush you with accusations. Yet... she won't talk to you about it. Any of it. She'll judge you though. She'll call you names you wish you didn't know what they meant. Her palm will reach your cheek with such furry that you won't ever be able to forget that night. The same person who used to laugh at you for not being capable of understanding a dirty joke at twelve, will threaten to kick you out of the house at fourteen. Simply because she won't believe you're not having intercourse. From that day on you will hate liars—for that is what she paints you to be.

Your mother will say things to you that you won't say to your worse enemy. She'll make you feel worthless. Empty. Not worthy of existence. And you'll try. Try to live. Try to die. You'll try, and try, and try again.

The first time you have sex, you'll convince yourself it was great. That he pleased you in all the right ways and made you feel like a goddess. That it wasn't as bad as the time your first boyfriend tried to force you to have sex. Because he can't go home "like that", obviously. Alas, they were both complete schmucks. They'll both use you, lie to you, abuse you and abandon you.

Luckily they won't all be that bad. Your third boyfriend will actually love you so deep and so hard, that you push him away because he must be lying. You'll convince yourself that there's something wrong with him, the sex, the attention and yourself.

Men will leave you, and you'll think it's your fault. Women will use you, because you think you're supposed to be something you're not. You will get harassed and violated and you will convince yourself that it's your own fault.

Somewhere along this point in time your mother will realize she's losing you, her only daughter, her "pride and joy", and she'll panic. Boy



will she panic. Throw a horrendous tantrum she will. She'll finally try to hug you.

As a last resort she'll tell you she loves you. That won't work. Of course it won't. She'll proceed to offer you money, clothing, and more. Thinking she'll ease the pain, not realizing that it's far too late. By then feeling alone in a crowd will be a sentiment you're quite familiar with. Yet you will hate being alone, because then your mind will take over and your monkey brain will be an even greater evil than any of the suicidal thoughts you've had up to then combined. Your thoughts a dungeon. Your heart a palace of thorns. Your soul in hellish agony. Every single day.

I want you to know that you'll feel such pain that you won't know how to breathe. Everything will hurt. Even walking, eating and thinking. Every. Single. Thing.

You'll cut yourself, starve yourself, beat yourself up in all senses, pull out your hair, get so stoned you forget the way home, drink your tears away, and you will stop believing—in everything and everyone. But don't you worry, dear birdie. You will survive. You will recover, you will heal. Every. Single. Time. You will rise. You always will. Your heart will turn soft once more and you will love again. He will love you. They will love you. You will feel protected once more. And you will find joy in every morrow (most of them anyways). And you know why? Because you'll get help. You will build yourself back up. You'll surround yourself with people who love you. Cherish you. Care so deeply for you that you won't understand why, but you deserve it. Trust me. You won't understand it, nevertheless it won't be any less true. It will be worth it. YOU are worth it.

Sa kaba, baby... kusje pa bo!

With love,

Tittel

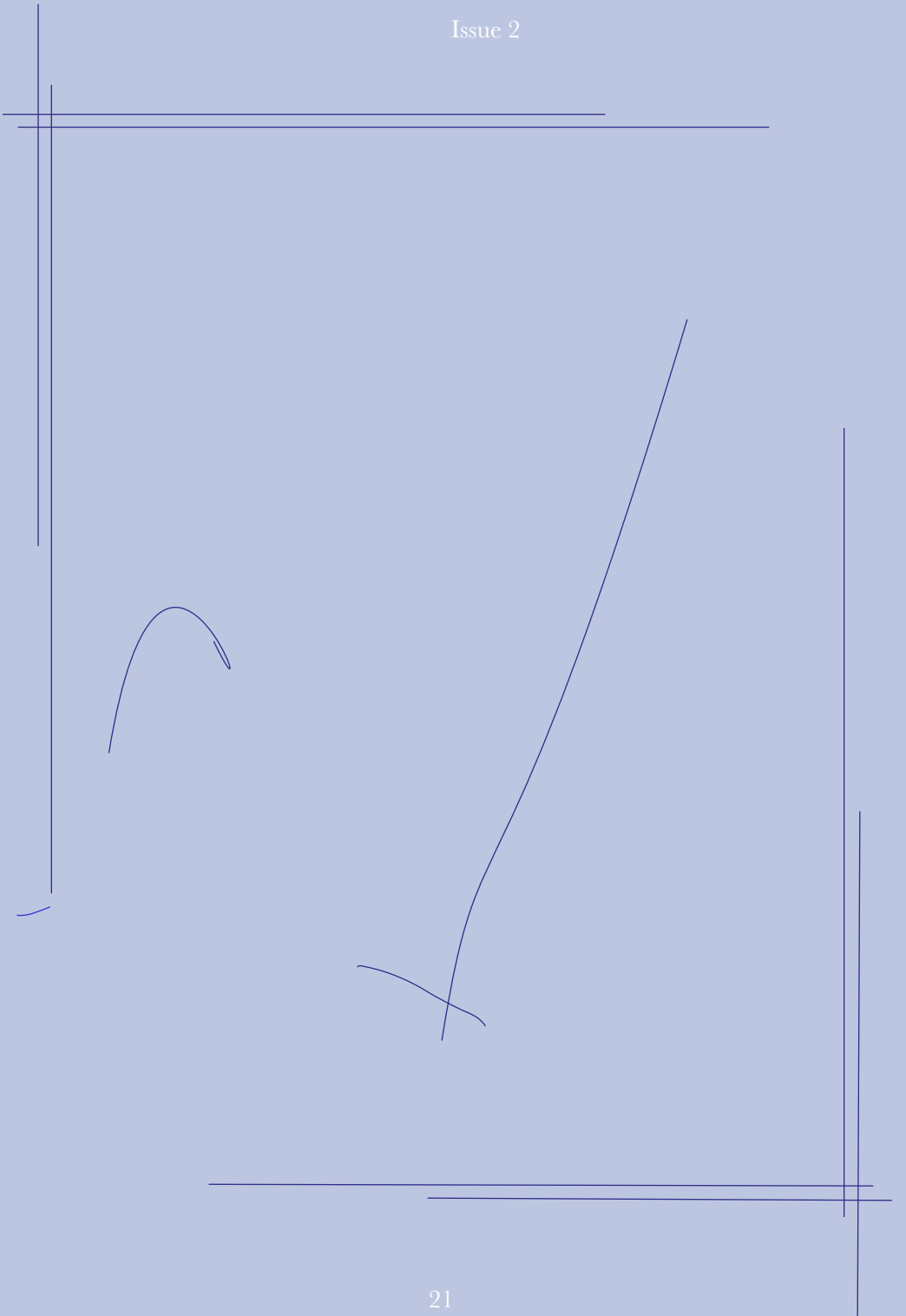




***Re:claiming agency***

By: Ashlee Chirino

@askamalee



Amsterdam

27 - 05 - 2035

S \*is thinking\*: Ok, I haven't been on a date for five months. I'm nervous. My heart is beating. But it's cool. It's cool. 10-year old me reminds me one's heart beats faster when they like someone. so it's allll, cool. We got this.

Saby is sitting in the newest queer bar in town waiting for her date to get there. And in walks Xamira, looking like the gxddess they are. They both say hi to each other with a big smile on their faces. Both of them have been looking forward to this day.

S: *Okay, I have to be honest. I am nervous. I feel like my heart is in my throat but I am super glad to be here.*

X: *I feel the same and I'm glad you mentioned it. Let's enjoy this awkwardness together. \*awkward laughs\**

Already Saby's nervousness begins to ease. She's not the one to shy away from her emotions. Many tea's and laughs later, Saby and Xamira got to the topic of sex when they were talking about lips moisturizers.

X: *I tried different lip balms but the only thing that helped my chapped, dry lips was vaseline.*

S: *Hahaha, oh really? Vaseline? You know some people use vaseline for other parts of themselves right...*

X: *Do you want me to show you how I put it ...on....my lips?*

Xamira slowly puts their finger in the vaseline pot. The petroleum makes a squishy sound when they take their finger out. Xamira slowly rubs the vaseline on their lips while looking into Saby's eyes. Saby looks back in awe.

As Saby catches her breath she says:

*...I have used vaseline as a kid to rub on my nipples. I liked the smoothness of it. Hahaha! The next day I went to school and told my friends about how good it felt. Somehow it became a topic in class. Touching yourself. It was such a nice conversation to have actually . My basisschool teacher Juf Amina made sure all of us knew that there was no shame in self-exploration. She then went on to explain that some parts of our bodies – our genitals– we’re sensitive when touched. I think this really helped with my relationship to my body. I feel like because of these conversations I was able to explore my body with curiosity and work through my shame when I got older. It was so wholesome. I even remember someone I barely talked to in class came up to me and told me she had figured out that the waterstream from the showerhead made her “nunu” tingle. We both laughed in the way only 10-year olds can.*

*X: Haha, oh, that’s so cute! I think when I was 11, I was at summer camp and there was an incident with two boys. They were humping each other, when one boy wanted to stop and started protesting. That’s when the mentors noticed and broke them up. A couple of days later we all talked about consent and boundaries, of course in a way that 11-year-olds understand. The mentors used hula hoops as an example of personal space. Like, this is my space – my hula hoop – and that is yours – your hula hoop.*





\*X laughs and makes hand gestures to show her “hula hoop”\*

*Only with my permission can someone come into my space – my hula hoop. And if at any point I wanted to take back the permission, I can. That was so affirming and helpful. We’re so lucky to have been able to have these conversations at a young age.*

S: *Yeah, my mom told me “yuu, ten nos ten tur cos tawata berguensa, tur cos tawata skondi, scare tactics, lagami mi yu!”*

Both Saby and Xamira laughed, while their fingers touched. All this talk makes them want to be closer to each other. They both look at each other in the eye.

X: *Saby, can I kiss you?*

S: *Yes, Xamira you’re allowed in my hula hoop with those lips.*

S: *\*still smiling from the kiss\* I just remembered my mom told me when she was younger the first person she had sex with asked if she was still a virgin because –*

X: *Virgin? What is that?*

S: *HOLO. A whole lotta b.s. Basically a social construct where people with a vulvas were being shamed and policed for having sex. “Losing your virginity” meant losing your purity. They were seen as less than “wifey” material.*

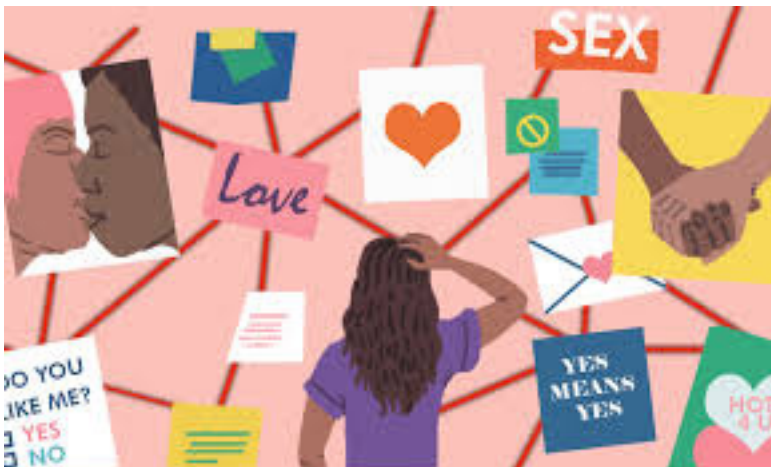
X: *Wow, sexism always finds its way into peoples heads, huh?*  
*Why would that even matter?*

S: *It never did. It was just another form of oppression.*  
*Unbelievable how things change through time, huh?*

Saby and Xamira kept talking for another few hours. They reflected on the past and the ways they themselves upheld ideas that were destructive. They made a promise to themselves to stay critical and (un)learning.

Later that night they had the best sex.  
The end.

By Ichmarah & Alexine



unknown artist

## Aratta & Jahwar

By anonymous

Jahwar spreads Aratta's pussy open, gently scoops a bit of her wetness and tastes it.

J: "You taste so good, as usual."

Jahwar puts his hand back between Aratta's thighs and gently slides his finger on her slowly erecting clit.

A: "You have no idea how much I want you right now, daddy."

Jahwar smiles and tells Aratta to close her eyes and enjoy the ride.

With his fingers slowly circling Aratta's clit as she moans, his dick is also getting hard as Aratta gently slides her fingers on his jeans.

A: "Go a little faster."

J: "As in, my driving?" \*scoffs\*

A: "Haha, with your fingers. But yeah, let's go home. I want you to own me."

"Ahh", she moans as Jahwar rubs her clit.

She lowers her lingerie strap and then her dress straps exposing her tits. Aratta slides her fingers along with Jahwar's on her clit, gets her fingers wet, and then brings them back on her boobs.

She circles her nipples with her wet fingers and pinches them hard as they slowly get hard, while biting on her lips.

"Where are we doing this, daddy?", Aratta asks as they get home.

Jahwar pulls Aratta by her hand and leads her to the bedroom.

He then walks to the closet, opens it and pulls a small suitcase out.

A: "Ohh, so we're doing this then."

J: "Yes we are."



## Aratta & Jahwar

Jahwar opens the suitcase and gets the blindfold, puts it around Aratta's head  
and covers her eyes.

"Choose 5 things", as Jahwar empties the suitcase,  
which was filled with restraints and other toys, onto the bed.

A: "So three then? Since, I am already wearing two."

J: "I said what I said."

Aratta blindly chooses 5 objects from the stash. 1 handcuffs, 1 ring gag,  
1 nipple clamps, 1 clit suckler and 1 paddle.

"Good choices" Jahwar says as he collects the rest and puts them away for a bit.

He then takes Aratta's dress off. The white lace lingerie, with mesh bra cup,  
showing just enough of her round and dark areola and



her nipples protruding the mesh surface a bit. Aratta, still blindfolded,  
reaches for Jahwar's shirt, undoes his buttons and takes it off.

"Not yet", Jawhwar says as Aratta tries to undo his belt.

Aratta gets on her knees, spreads her legs a bit  
and places her hands on her thighs.

J: "Front or back?"

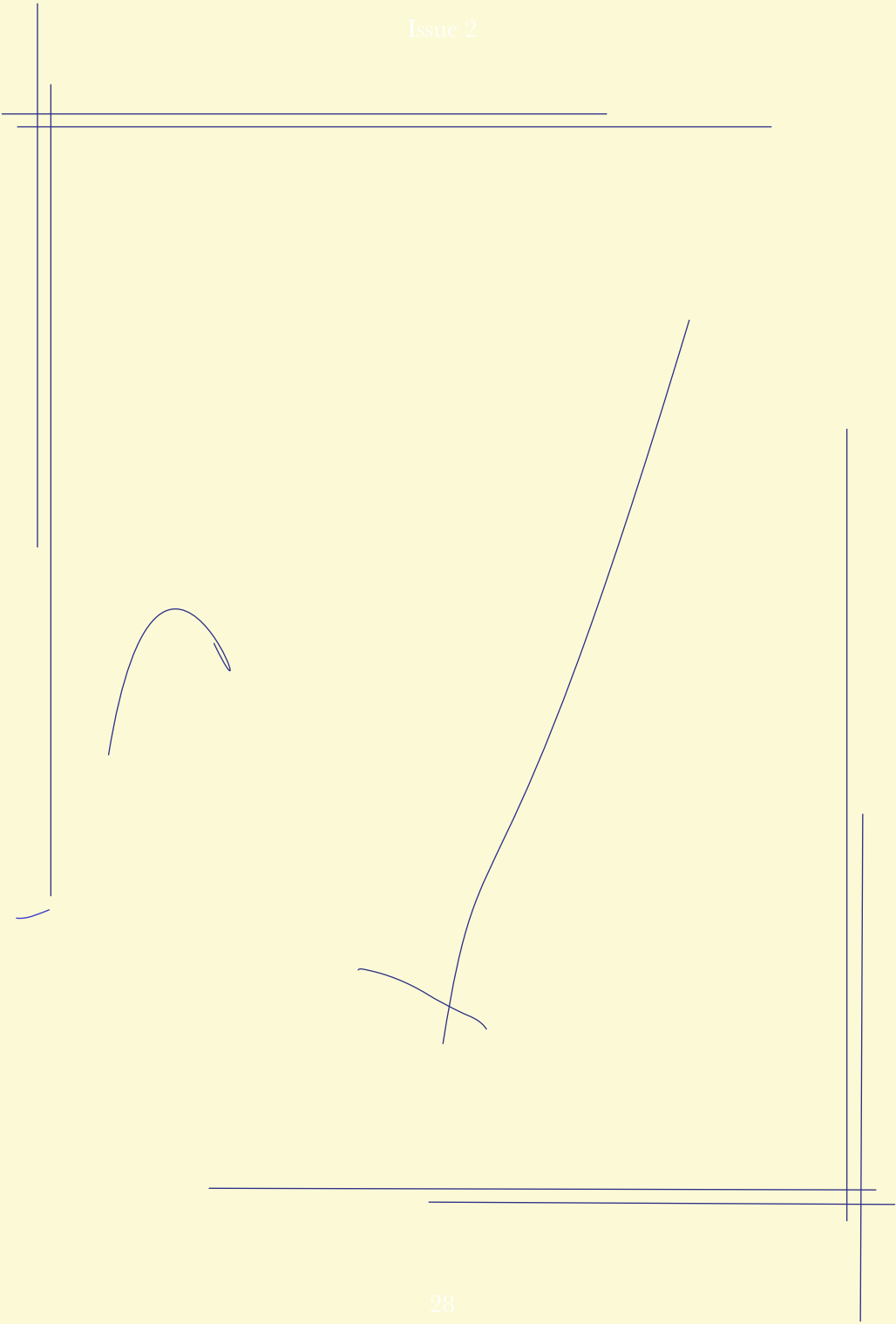
A: "Front."

Jahwar stands in front of Aratta, bow down and kisses her forehead,  
her cheeks and neck.

He then kisses her lips while putting on her handcuffs.

He continues caressing her body and kisses her back,  
while reaching for the paddle and gently dragging it across her back.

Aratta takes a deep breath as she longs for the slaps...



ONE (1) WEEK AFTER LEARNING  
WHAT A VULVA IS:

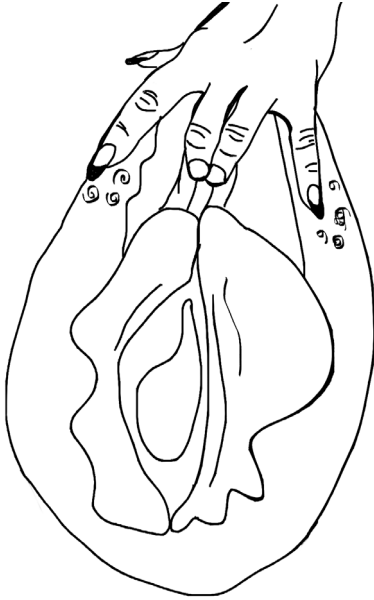


SOMETIMES, THE STEREOTYPES  
ARE TRUE.

By: Sarah VR

## I FELT LIKE AN ISLAND: MASTURBATION WASN'T IN MY HORIZON—SEX ED AND ARUBA

Text by Gianni Croes  
Illustration by Ichmarah Kock



Growing up on the Island, the conversation on female masturbation, as well as pleasure during intercourse was very limited, to say the least. In my household, my parents — specifically, my mom — had “The Talk” with me about how babies were conceived, telling me how it took two people from the opposite sex who were in love with each other to make a baby. And yes, that’s how I

was conceived...purely out of love.

You can imagine that this was quite an awkward conversation, with a lot of reluctance on my part, especially since I never really noticed the loving aspect in my parents’ relationship. Also talking about how babies were conceived is not really a topic that we as Arubans speak much about in the society. We usually shove this topic under the rug and instead rely on the education system to teach our children about these matters. For most of us, we get sex-ed when we start high school. I can still remember the visuals they showed us during sexual ed: a penis riddled with sores blasted right in front of me! It was surely not appealing to me, especially considering the fact that is my first time that I saw a penis — and it was fully covered in pimples and sores because of STDs! I can still see it in front of me today! Not the

way I wanted to see a penis for the first time even if it was only a photo.

Also, this so-called “sexual education” was very sexist, representing women as simply a means to carry a baby to term, but at the end of the day shouldn’t it be our choice if we want to be a mother or not? WHY are we females being portrayed as a reproduction mechanism, being shown as passive? What was the purpose of this sexual education? To scare all of us in not having sex? (I surely was with pimple penis blasted in front of me). Proclaiming women’s body as an object to carry a child a to birth and a passive with no free will. I scream HELL NO to this!

Don’t get me wrong: having protected sex is a MUST! We want to prevent teenage pregnancy and transmitting sexual disease to others. But why is our sexual education so rigid and limited in Aruba? I can’t recall a single moment where they actually discussed the concept of pleasure in sex — as if it’s not an essential part

of it! Sex was only to be performed among heterosexual, married couples — that’s what our education system taught us. What about talking about sexual consent? After all, it’s a fundamental aspect of sex — that both parties must consent when having sex.

Moreover, during all this “sex education” or biology, the topic about FEMALE MASTURBATION never came up – it was simply left out. Female masturbation, it seems, is simply seen as a taboo on the island; in fact, I honestly never heard of female masturbation until I moved to the Netherlands. I thought it was only limited to men, as this was common conversation among friends — while girls, it appeared, just “bled when it was the time of month.” It seems in the Aruban culture, masturbation was only for the opposite sex and we females just had to accept that — accept that our body is an object for producing babies. Only that, and nothing more. Again HELL NO to this!

The first time I had penetrative sex...to be honest, it was weird, it hurt and I did not really enjoy it. I mean, it's kinda to be expected, as it was my first time and I was still quite young at the time. Looking back, I was actually far from ready to have sex, and I indirectly felt pressured to have sex as in my environment I was taught to be passive and submissive towards male, I allowed it to happen, but then I wonder, where was the education? Why didn't we speak that much about sexual consent, that a girl does not have to say NO for you not to have sex with her. Whatever happened to reading her body language, or even better, asking her for her consent to have sex? (Of course, this also applies to the opposite sex/both parties). I think that should be the norm: to ask for consent when having sex, making sure the other party is sober enough to consent, and checking in constantly.

"Sexual education": you let me down. Sure, I might've skipped the boat here with teenage pregnancy, but you really

failed me here as well with the Aruban cultural discussion around sexual intercourse.

Furthermore, to continue with my sexual exploration and me being a passive girl the other time that I had penetrative sex, it was always about making sure the guy "got off." My friends would constantly remind me and each other to always make sure that he came — after all, if he didn't, you hadn't done your job well, right? It was never about the female pleasure, instead it was all about the male pleasure and his experience. I was never asked if I enjoyed it or if I had an orgasm — as if I even knew how it felt to have an organism at that time.

Well, being the curious teenager that I was, I also wanted to explore my sexuality and experiment a little bit. In fact, the first time that I had an orgasm, it was with someone of the same sex. Well let me tell you...it was amazing! In fact, it was a sensation that I never felt before, my whole body was shivering, it felt like I had been transported to

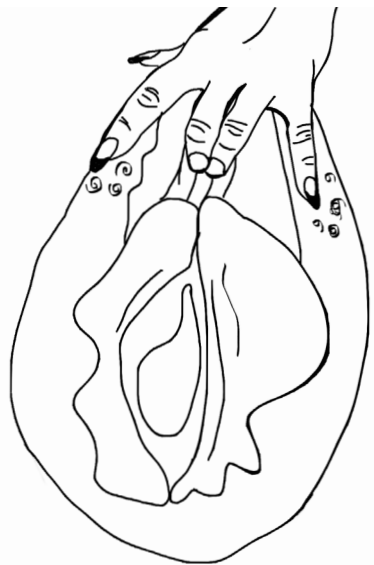


another place. In fact, the whole world could have burn down and I wouldn't have cared less, because it felt that amazing and perfect and right. What I want to emphasise here is that you don't necessarily have to have penetrative sex to even have an orgasm — it is possible!

If there's one thing that people forget, it's that the clitoris is a very powerful organism. With over 8,000 nerve endings — which is twice as many as the penis — it's the center of physical stimulation. Thus, the first time I had an orgasm it was not "via" penetrative sex but via clitoral stimulation. If I hadn't decided to take the leap and explore my sexuality it would have taking me quite a while before experiencing an orgasm.

So what would I like you to remember and take with you from this little story? Well as (former) young female teen, I want to encourage you all to explore your own body and discover what works for you (and what doesn't!) Please masturbate, feel the female

sexual liberation in you, take control of it. I wish was encouraged to masturbate when I was a teen — I might have been more dominant, been able to say no, to know what I liked sexually. Maybe if I had masturbated and explored what I liked, I wouldn't have felt the urge to have sexual intercourse when I wasn't ready, since I would've already been satisfying myself and would have been content with just pleasing myself, me being in control, rather than having intercourse with someone just to explore what sex is. I might have close skip some awkward, or less



pleasant sexual interactions. So the way I see it, female masturbation is a from of female liberation. In conclusion, when YOU are ready to have sexual intercourse, you can say what you want, what you like, be dominant and in control rather than passive, enjoy it and experience an orgasm, just like your partner. As females, you deserve to enjoy every moment of it as much as the male. It'll make all the difference in the world, believe me.

\*Side note: if by any chance there's an "education professional" or a person in power of the education system in Aruba reading this, please change the heteronormative sexual educational we have in Aruba. I strongly believe it's sexist, discriminatory, homophobic, and not at all feminist. Let's liberate the new generation together.

Gianny C

## Aratta & Jahwar

By anonymous

\*Gasp\*

Aratta gasps and bites her lower lip as she receives the first slap.

Jahwar continues to slap Aratta, leaving marks all over her back.

He then removes her blindfold, picks up the nipple clamps and put them on Aratta's nipples.

\*Open your mouth"

Jahwar says as he helps her with the ring gag.

He undoes his belt, take off his jeans and underwear exposing his solid hard dick.

Aratta's watches lustfully and drools all over her chest as he strokes his dick in front of her.

He grabs Aratta's hair with one hand, while grabbing her neck with the other and slowly pushes his dick in her mouth.

"Look at me." says Jahwar as he pushes his dick deeper and deeper in her throat.

He holds her head with both hands as he face fucks her.

Spit dripping and running down covering her boobs and belly.

\*Muffled sound\*

He takes off her gag.

A: "Wak meimei di mi pia."

Aratta was dripping wet, leaving the floor covered in her juices and her wetness running on the inside of her thighs. Jahwar gets his hand wet and passes it on Aratta's face and her lips.

## Aratta & Jahwar

He grabs her by the arm, stands her up, lays her on the bed on her back  
and hooks her cuffs to the headboard.

He slowly kisses her arm further and further down.

Kisses her neck and firmly suck on her neck leaving hickey marks all over.

J:“Your employees are going to see these tomorrow.” \*smiles\*

A:“Hahah, I know. But I am the boss, so there is nothing they can do about it.”

Jahwar spreads Aratta’s legs open, slowly takes out the butt plug,  
picks up the nipple suckler and puts it on her clit  
and then pulls at the nipple clamps.

Jahwar turns Aratta’s waist on the side, spreads her ass  
and slides his tongue between her cheeks.

“Eat my ass, daddy”, Aratta moans as Jahwar circles her anus  
with his tongue and slowly pushes it in.

Aratta’s body tense up and pushes back against Jahwar’s face as she loudly moans.

Jahwar gets up, spits on his dick and pushes it inside Aratta’s pussy.

\*Gasp (x2)\*

A:“Fuck, your dick feels so good.”

J:“Your pussy feels heavenly, babe. Feel how hard you got me. That’s all you and  
your sexy-ass.”

## Arratta & Jahwar

Jahwar grabs Ary's waist and starts to thrust hard as they both moan.  
He gets up and turns Aratta back on her back, releases the clit suckler,  
undo her cuffs, spreads her legs and goes down on her.

Her clit doubled in size and also super sensitive,  
makes her eyes roll as Jahwar circles and sucks on her clit.  
Jahwar looks at Aratta's lustful gaze as he slowly slides his thumb in her ass.

A: "You're gonna make me cum."

"Cum for me, babe.", as he gets back down and sucks on her clit.

Her hips start to move as it was hard for her to contain herself.

A: "I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum."

Keep going, daddy."

Aratta holds Jahwar's head tight and presses it against her pussy.  
"FUUCK", she screams. Jahwar looks up at her and she looks back at his beard  
which was dripping wet.

J: You're not done yet."

A: "I know. I want you inside me. Do to me, as you please."

To be continued...



### Reflection by 6 (ISLA)(NDS)

We wanted to include the submission “Arrata & Jahwar” because it touches on the topic of kink/BDSM, however we feel it’s also important to reflect on this submission and relate it to sex-positivity\*. In the submission there are some aspects that were left out. **Consent, aftercare and discussion of uses of explicit language and safe words** are crucial parts of practices of BDSM (Bondage Dominance Submission Masochism) because they make sure everyone is safe. We encourage everyone to explore consent, aftercare and uses of language before and during sex.

\* Sex-positivity: the idea that sex is natural part of being human. It highlights the importance of safe sex, consensual sex and pleasureable sex. It stands for freedom in sexual identity and orientation, freedom in our relationships to our own bodies and freedom in relationship style(s) that we choose to have, free of stereotypes and expectations (e.g. gender roles).



my erotic breathes fire  
a fire that starts from deep within the pits of her stomach  
a type of fire that won't easily burn you,  
but will slowly wrap you in warm air

bo basha kerosene riba  
dje e orei si ba hode  
e ta kimabu.  
deep down bo sa ku  
bo gusta e burn marks,  
second degree.

my erotic takes up  
space  
sits on your face  
my thighs weigh heavy  
on you  
you feel every inch  
pressed against your  
neck and  
shoulders  
you choke in awe //  
bo ta choka ku harí riba  
bo kara



my erotic bounces around the room  
sometimes she makes slow and circular movements with her hips,  
demanding you to look at her with desire  
sometimes she's shy like a prepubescent boy,  
hiding aroused boners and fingers

sometimes she feels broken and depleted, she spent years  
giving her body over to anyone who looked at her with a smile,  
fixed in their gaze  
sometimes she was convinced this was all she deserved

but mostly she's playful  
and giggles throughout  
she shakes her ass up  
and down and enjoys  
all the  
delicious vibrations

there's much joy and  
pain that comes from  
playing with her,  
but truly honoring her  
takes delicate work

it takes embracing my  
inner hoe and  
centralizing my  
pleasure  
trusting myself and  
extending that to  
my fingers, my eyes,  
my mouth, my tongue  
i dance her in to  
existence

my erotic extends to every part of my life:  
the emotional, the intellectual, the relational  
she makes me feel sane, safe and grounded,  
like I deserve the world, and i'm slowly realizing i do  
- signed a black, fat, sensual queer bitch



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